

Religious Intelligencer

"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

PUBLISHED BY STEPHEN COOKE, NO. 21, EXCHANGE PLACE.

NO. 44

NEW-HAVEN, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1837.

VOL. XXI

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

TERMS.—The Work is issued every Saturday in both the pamphlet and news-paper forms. The pamphlet form is paged and folded for binding; making sixteen large octavo pages, or 832 pages in a year, with an index at the close: and as hitherto, it is exclusively religious. It is suited to the wishes of those who have the past volumes, and who may wish to preserve a uniform series of the work; and also of those who, while they have other papers of secular intelligence, wish for one exclusively religious for Sabbath reading. The news-paper form contains one page of additional space, which is filled with a condensed summary of all the political and secular intelligence worth recording. It is designed especially to accommodate such families as find it inconvenient to take more than one Paper; and yet who feel an interest, as they should, in whatever concerns the Christian and Patriot. Subscribers have the privilege of taking which form they please.

To city subscribers, delivered, \$2 50,—To mail subscribers, \$2 in advance; \$2 50 if not paid in six months. Agents who are accountable for six or more copies, will be allowed one copy gratis, or a commission of ten per cent. Clergymen, Post Masters, and others to whom the paper is sent, are requested to act as Agents, to whom such commission shall be allowed, as in their judgment will be a liberal remuneration for their services.

We think the following article from the Zion's Herald will be interesting to our readers at this time, as the Life of Mr. Haynes, by Dr. Cooley, is now being circulated in this city, by his son William.

LIFE OF REV. LEMUEL HAYNES.

Mr. Haynes was born at West Hartford, Conn., in 1753. His father was of unmingled African extraction, and his mother a white woman. He was abandoned by his parents at the early age of five months, when he was bound out, probably by the select-men, to Deacon Rose, of Granville, Mass., with whom he remained till he was 21. In this family he was taught the principles of religion. In his youth he was very studious; and after having arrived at adult years, he became a thorough Latin and Greek scholar. To give our readers some idea of his early habits, we introduce the following anecdote from the sketches of his life and character by Dr. Cooley: "By improving his evenings, and by rising early in the morning, he had made considerable proficiency in the study of theology. At length he selected his text, and composed a sermon, without education or teacher. As in the family of Deacon Rose, the evening preceeding the Sabbath was devoted to family instruction and reli-

gious worship, a sermon was occasionally read. The sermons of Watts, Whitfield, Doddridge, and Davies, were usually selected, and young Haynes was the reader. One evening, being called upon to read as usual, he slipped into the book his own sermon which he had written, and read it to the family. The deacon was greatly delighted and edified by the sermon, as it was doubtless read with unusual vivacity and feeling. His eyes were dim, and he had no suspicion that any thing out of the ordinary course had happened; and, at the close of reading he inquired very earnestly, "Lemuel, whose work is that which you have been reading? Is it Davies' sermon, or Watts', or Whitfield's? It was the deacon's impression that the sermon was Whitfield's. Haynes blushed and hesitated, but at last was obliged to confess the truth—"It's Lemuel's sermon." The only person among the living who was present on this interesting Saturday evening, has kindly furnished some of the facts here stated."

The sermon above alluded to, is inserted in the book. It is short, plain, and very good. A Congregational clergyman at Wintonbury, Conn., obtained a school for him at that place, and while instructing this school, he studied day and night, and made great proficiency, especially in the Greek language.

In 1780, at the age of 27, he was licensed to preach and was soon after settled at Middle Granville. His biographer, says: "It deserves to be recorded as one of the wonders of the age, that a person should be invited to become a spiritual teacher, in a respectable and enlightened congregation in New England, when he had been known from infancy only as a servant boy, and under all the disabilities of his humble extraction. But that reverence which it was the custom of the age to accord to the ministers of the gospel, was cheerfully rendered to Mr. Haynes. All classes were carried away with his sweet, animating eloquence." The following paragraph will give the reader some idea of his style.

"He labored in Granville five years, preaching publicly and from house to house. And I may add, in the language of the apostle to the elders of the church at Ephesus, he 'ceased not to warn every one, day and night, with tears.' His delivery was rapid—his voice charming, like the *vox argentea* of which Cicero makes such frequent and honorable mention; his articulation uncommonly distinct—a perennial stream of transparent, sweet, animated elocution—presenting his arguments with great simplicity and striking effect. The perfect ease with which words and thoughts flowed was like the river on the banks of which, as the poet beautifully relates, the traveler sat himself down till it should run by."

At the age of 30, Mr. Haynes married a white lady of Granville, who possessed a refined education. His biographer says that the connection was both honorable and sacred. Before marrying her however, he consulted a number of ministers, and received their unanimous advice and sanction. We insert the following notice respecting Mrs. H.

"Mrs. Haynes was born at Dighton, Mass., Feb. 28, 1763. Died February 8, 1836. She possessed an amiable character as a wife, a mother, and a christian. Nine children survive. One, a daughter, has deceased. All the children are hopefully pious except one, and all but two have made a public profession of religion. The eldest daughter, Mrs. C., is settled in Rutland, and is a member of the English church. There are three sons. One is a farmer; Samuel is settled as a physician in the State of New York; William has been engaged in a Law office in Massachusetts. Three of the children are married, it is said respectably.

In 1788, Mr. H. became pastor of a church in Rutland, Vt.; and it was at this place, in 1805, his celebrated sermon was preached, in answer to Hosea Ballou, from the text "*Ye shall not surely die.*" This sermon went through many editions, both in this country and in England.

Mr. H. is represented to have been a man of genuine wit, connected however with a uniform pervading piety. A number of anecdotes are given, one of which we introduce.

"It is said that some time after the publication of his sermon on the text, "*Ye shall not surely die,*" two young men having agreed together to try his wit, one of them said—"Father Haynes, have you heard the good news?" "No," said Mr. Haynes, "what is it?" "It is great news, indeed," said the other, "and, if true, your business is done." "What is it?" again inquired Mr. Haynes. "Why," said the first, "the devil is dead." In a moment the old gentleman replied, lifting up both his hands and placing them on the heads of the young men, and in a tone of solemn concern, "Oh, poor fatherless children? what will become of you?"

The following generous testimony to the worth of Mr. H., is from Rev. A. Parmelee, of Malone, N. Y., who was one of his students:

"I only remark in general, that he was a great man, a preacher of the first order, eminent in his gifts for prayer, a good instructor; and I tender my thanks to Almighty God for having placed me in early life under his care, and given me so many opportunities of receiving the most important lessons from his lips, which I hope to carry to the grave, and to heaven."

His biographer thus speaks of his religious character:

"His religion was based upon a firm belief of the soul-subduing doctrines of the cross. He seemed continually and especially in scenes of deep affliction, to look up to heaven with serene joy, that Jehovah was on the throne. A remarkable spirituality was apparent in his conversation, which plainly evinced that he was familiar with Heaven. He loved the duties of the closet, where no eye but that of Omniscience witnessed his secret wrestlings with the angel of the covenant. He was distinguished for great tenderness, and was often deeply affected with a sense of his own sinfulness. In prayer he seemed to covet the lowest place, more than the throne of an archangel.

His death was peaceful and happy. The following are some of his dying exercises.

"I have been examining myself and looking back upon my past life, but I can find nothing in myself and nothing in all my past services to recommend me at the bar of Jehovah. Christ is my all. His blood is my only hope of acceptance. I have been praying for the faith of assurance, and feel that I have almost attained. My pains are great, but blessed be God they are not eternal. I long to be in heaven. Oh! what blessed company will be there.

"During his protracted and painful illness, when "months of vanity and wearisome nights were appointed unto him," the stanzas of this delightful psalm [63d Ps. of Watts,] were his solace in the night watches. To those who had attended him through the night, he often said in the morning, "What a happy night I have had!

What manifestations of God's love to my soul!"

"To his family, whose tenderness could not be exceeded, he often said, "I fear I am troublesome," and wept under a grateful sense of their kindness.

"Two days before his death, having lain quietly through the day, he requested one of his daughters to come to his bedside, when he thus exclaimed, "What wonderful views I have had this day! I have been brought to the borders of the grave. O, what views! Wonderful! wonderful! wonderful! I have heard singing. Oh, how wonderful! I am well. Glory inef-fable!"

"On the last day of his life, after he had seemed actually to have entered the dark valley, he suddenly revived and exclaimed with an air of transport, "O, what beauties have I seen! Glories of the other world! What joys do I feel! I have seen the Saviour!"

Such a man was not only an ornament to the church, but to the age in which he lived. God honored him, and to a great extent he was honored by men. Was his color any objection to him? Should it be to any man?

AFFECTING APPEAL FROM REV. MR. SUTTON, INDIA.

Let those who live for the Conversion of the World, mingle their sympathies with this devoted missionary, whose voice, two years ago, gladdened the hearts of congregated thousands in this country, and who has now just attended the great annual festival of the King of Idols, the monster Juggernaut. Dwelling at ease here in our "ceiled houses," shall we refuse to supply such a missionary with as many TRACTS as he requires in his work? Besides him there are more than 600 other missionaries and assistants in the foreign field to be supplied; and of the sum of \$35,000 which the American Tract Society are attempting to send them in the year ending April 15, no less than \$18,000 00 remains to be raised within 25 days. Will not the reader resolve, and act accordingly, "It shall fail through no neglect of mine?"

Cuttack, July 26, 1836.

Rev. Wm. A. Hallock, Cor. Sec.

My dear Brother.—Allow me through you to address a few lines to the American Tract Society. This is a duty which I ought long ago to have discharged, but a multiplicity of cares and engagements have induced me to procrastinate.

I shall ever consider the interviews I enjoyed with you and many Christian friends in America as among my choicest privileges, and cherish with grateful pleasure the recollection of the truly Christian kindness with which I was every where received. When I cease thus to feel may "my right hand forget her cunning." Oh! It is sweet to us way worn pilgrims to feel, that although far away, yet we still belong to the family of Christians in England and America, and that we shall be eventually "gathered together in one." Yet how unutterably wide the contrast between those soul-enlivening, because heaven-inspired scenes of holy pleasure which I witnessed in America, and the withering prospect around me. The face of nature indeed wears her loveliest smiles, for it is the beginning of the rainy season, but O Idolatry, Idolatry, that foe of God and man, is spreading misery, and desolation, and death on every hand.

I have just returned from a visit to the great festival at Juggernaut, and as usual I feel my spirit overwhelmed within me. I went down to Pooree, (50 miles from Cuttack, where I was stationed,) in company with Mr. Noyes my colleague; but as we were both in very poor health, we did very little in preaching. Two native assistants, one of them Rama Chundra, were fully engaged. Our principal work, however, was to distribute Tracts of which we had a considerable number, how many I know not, but we disposed of them all. We might easily dispose of ten times as many more would we yield to the wishes of the crowd, and distribute them in the town.

but this we will not do. Our plan is to go to the outskirts of the town, and take our stand near the principal gate, and thus give our Tracts to those only who are on their way to their homes. In this way they are most likely to be carried all over the country.

Our Tracts were Oriya—Bengalee—Hinduee and Hindostanee. In the former language we employed some of your liberal donation. Many of the Hindoos were from Bundelcund, and the neighborhood; there were, however, multitudes from the Northern Circars, but unhappily we had not a Tract to give them. Another year we hope to be better furnished, and direct these unhappy pilgrims to the heavenly pilgrimage.

The festival was very late this year, and in consequence it was comparatively thinly attended, but before we came away death had commenced his carnival, and most fearfully did he triumph! O the scenes of wretchedness, of dying ghastly despair, of inhuman cruelty, of unmingled misery where we could afford no relief, of disgusting filth and loathsome depravity; of human nature debased, degraded, insulted, outraged, which we every year witness at this scene of infernal revelry! No where surely does Satan so defy God and insult man as at this high place of idolatry. Pandemonium itself one would suppose cannot reveal scenes more disgusting or more blasphemous than the festival of Juggernaut. How often in my thoughts have I contrasted this festival with the anniversary of your Society which I was permitted to attend in Chatham street. O that they could be seen together by the friends of the Redeemer who meet at those holy convocations. You would need no other appeal either to excite their liberality, or to send them home, dropping sweet tears of gratitude for the blessings of the precious Gospel.

But I must check myself. I have nearly filled my paper without adverting to the purpose for which I write. At the annual conference of the Orissa missionaries, held at Cuttack lately, it was unanimously voted, "That the most grateful acknowledgments of this conference be presented to the American Tract Society for their several munificent grants of money, amounting to the sum of three thousand eight hundred dollars for the preparing and distribution of Tracts in the Oriya language." This is no empty expression of our thanks; we feel grateful; and I trust you will be so well satisfied with this disposition of a part of your funds as to be induced annually to repeat your benefactions.

We also resolved to print 30,000 Tracts with your bounty this year, such as you have approved. When these are out of hand I hope to prepare for our native Christians and others, "Baxter's Call" in Oriya. Pray help us. Our limited income makes us now entirely dependent on the American and London Societies for all the Tracts we distribute in Oriya. I have several Hindoos waiting for baptism. I have only room to say, yours, &c.

AMOS SUTTON.

AN AFFECTING MESSAGE.

The following message was sent to English Christians. The appeal comes to this country from the dark places of heathenism no less loudly and impressively. — Said William Churren, a Hindoo convert, to Rev. Mr. Wilkinson:

"Tell them, that William Churren, by the grace of God a servant of Jesus Christ, was once a servant of sin now, had they not sent you to tell me of Christ crucified for sinners. Tell them my heart thanks them. Oh! when I think, that had not English Christians sent Jesus Christ to me I must have been forever lost, I cannot help loving them." Next tell them, we wonder much that they only send one or two missionaries. What are one or two? Do they not know how many millions of my poor Hindoo brethren are yet without God? Oh! tell them that William who thanks them for myself, blames them on account of others. I have heard you say there

are many millions of people in England; and then I think, 'Well many millions; and only one, two, or three missionaries come to India, to save millions of those who are perishing in sin!' Tell them we have three hundred and thirty millions of gods, whose slaves we are. And, oh! tell them, that though these gods never spoke before, yet; in the day of judgment, the God of English Christians, who is the God of the whole world, will give each a tongue, to condemn them, for not sending the gospel and more missionaries to India."

From the Watchman.

THE DISCARDED PERIODICAL.

"I have given up my paper," says Mr. H. "Given up your paper? Which, your commercial paper?" "Oh no, I could not possibly spare that." "You wish to read the advertisements, I suppose?" "Yes, and the prices current, the arrival of vessels, the supply of the market with the articles in my line of business, and a thousand other things which I could not possibly dispense with. No, I have given up my religious paper." "Indeed! why so?" "The times are so hard, there is a pressure in the money market, and it will be necessary for business men to look well to their affairs, if they expect to keep above water till spring." "But the amount you paid for your paper was small." "Yes, two or three dollars per annum is not much, but hundreds are composed of ones, and he who would retrench thoroughly, must be mindful of the small matters as well as the large; and beside this I had hardly time to read the daily paper, and if I had, I have plenty of books written by the very best of men." "Excuse me, sir but I must think you do not view things in a right light. If I may be allowed the use of such an expression, the times are hard in a religious point of view; accounts of revivals are few and distant, and the love of many waxes cold; and is it not necessary to use every endeavor to keep alive our own interest in the cause of our Master, and to prove faithful stewards? You say you need a commercial paper. I grant it; you should know how others are selling, in order to regulate your own prices, and you might frequently lose an opportunity to buy or sell to advantage, if you were not in proper season, apprized of the time and place where the bargain might be made; but in a religious paper you may ascertain what others are doing in the cause of Christ, and how you may also obtain a knowledge of many excellent opportunities to place your money in that treasury where it will be liberally repaid, even to lend it unto the Lord. You say you have religious books. True—but, though you might find it exceedingly important to read works on the nature of trade, and the best method of doing business, you would not find these to preclude the necessity of ascertaining what is now occurring in the commercial world; and for the very same reasons, a religious book will not fill the place of a religious periodical."

"Shall I have your name, Mr. Y., on my list of subscribers for the ———— this year?" "No, I believe not." "I am very sorry you have come to this conclusion, but I suppose you have no objections to giving me your reasons for so doing." "Certainly not. I resign it on account of certain articles which appeared in it some time since, which were directly opposed to my sentiments on the subject on which they were written, and which if I am not mistaken, illy accord with the views of some others of our denomination." "Perhaps you might not see another article of the description alluded to for months." "True, I might not, but the Editor who would countenance one such article, might permit others equally offensive to appear." "Yes, if he were not aware that the publication of them gave offence; but if he knows that these sentiments are displeasing to many of the denomination to which he looks for patronage, it will certainly not be for his interest, and I see not

why it should be his wish to continue to displease.—Have you written to the Editor?" "I have not." "Then I would certainly advise you to do so before you discontinue your paper. He may never have been informed that any are dissatisfied; or he may have been under the influence of others; or he may have been under excitement at the moment of writing, and afterwards have seen himself in error; or he may see the subject in a different light from yourself; (for the best of men do not always form the same opinions on the same subjects,) and your writing may convince him of error; but at all events I think you had better write before you discontinue a periodical which is rather the organ of our denomination in this country, than an expression of the opinion of one man."

"I think our paper degenerates," says the Rev. Mr. Z. "It seems almost a waste of time to read it; I really have a great mind not to take it another year." Allow me, sir, to ask why you think it degenerates? We have not, I know, so many accounts of precious revivals which have given such an absorbing interest to our publications in some former periods, but this you would not, of course, view as a fault. "Certainly not, but look at its general character; except the missionary intelligence, which, by the by, I can get by publications devoted exclusively to it, it is very deficient in interesting matter. There are, it is true, some redeeming articles, but in general they are scarcely worth a perusal. When I have time to devote to reading, I wish to spend it in such a manner as shall give me some new ideas; it requires study to write well, and I must acknowledge I have no great predilection for being entertained by the productions of college Sophomores or would-be literary ladies." Do you ever write for it? "Oh no, I hardly get time to write my sermons; I think its publishers should procure regular contributors for its columns and afford them sufficient compensation to encourage them to devote study and research to their preparation." Do you know how many numbers of this publication are taken in your society? "Really, I do not know the precise number, I should think not a large one." Well, sir, we will waive the merits of this paper at the *present time*, but I think I can mention a method which will ensure its being good for the *future*, if you will be willing to make a little exertion to remedy the evil of which you complain. "If I could do any thing without too much trouble, I should certainly be willing to see an improvement, but I do not see how I can do any thing." In the first place, then, let me request you to take upon yourself its agency, (it will cause you but little trouble to attend to it as you are making your pastoral visits,) and be sure that every member of your society who has the means shall have the opportunity to become a subscriber, and you will soon find that your countenance and your exertions have greatly increased the number of its patrons. Secondly, I think you might possibly find time, even if you should omit giving your people a written sermon three times every Sabbath,) at least as often as once a month, to write one good, well studied article, such an one, sir, as you wish to find prepared for your own perusal. And thirdly, use your influence to persuade your brethren in the ministry to pursue the same course, and you will find that instead of being obliged to secure the assistance of talent by pecuniary reward, which, however, he will have ample means to do, there will be such a pressure and variety of interesting matter, that the Editor will find it difficult to make a selection.

L. B. M.

IMPORTANT PROJECT.

The march of the Colonization cause at the South is onward. The corresponding Secretary of the New York Colonization Society, has received a letter from the Rev. R. S. Finley, agent of the State Colonization Society of Mississippi, dated Natchez, Feb. 22, 1837,

informing him that the societies of the states of Mississippi and Louisiana, have each resolved to establish a colony on the coast of Africa, and that each society will expend twenty thousand dollars a year for five years, in sustaining them: that the Mississippi society has already purchased a suitable territory for their object, and it is supposed that a purchase has been made for the Louisiana Society. Mr. Finney mentions, we "have nearly secured the sum of \$20,000 for the first year, in the Mississippi society, and are confident of raising the same sum in Louisiana, as the enterprise is popular in both States. We are preparing to send out an expedition to Africa soon after the first of April, and Mr. Blodget, a gentleman of piety and learning, is appointed physician and surgeon; and there are about fifty emigrants at or near Natchez, waiting for a passage to Liberia. We also propose to open a large farm for the purpose of raising breadstuffs, for the colony, and to develop the agricultural resources of the country by cultivating, on an extensive scale, cotton, sugar, coffee, &c. We also propose to purchase one or more vessels, to run constantly between New Orleans and the colony. I have made these suggestions, supposing that your society might cooperate with us in some of these objects. If New York and Pennsylvania will purchase one vessel and we another, you might make arrangements to obtain emigrants from Tennessee, Kentucky, &c., and the vessel might sail for Africa from New Orleans, and return by the way of New York."—*Com. Adv.*

PROPOSALS AND PLAN OF A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE OF COLOR.

"THE COLORED AMERICAN."

REV. SAMUEL E. CORNISH, EDITOR.

Price, ONE DOLLAR and a HALF per year, always in advance.

This paper is designed to be the organ of Colored Americans—to be looked on as their own, and devoted to their interests—through which they can make known their views to the public—can communicate with each other and their friends, and their friends with them; and to maintain their well-known sentiments on the subjects of Abolition and Colonization, viz.—emancipation without expatriation—the extirpation of prejudice—the enactment of equal laws, and a full and free investiture of their rights as men and citizens.

It is well known that our people, being thinly scattered over the country, in small communities, remote from, and unknown to each other, without any means of cultivating acquaintance, and interchanging views and feelings one with the other—has operated to their disadvantage, and retarded improvement. The publication of "THE COLORED AMERICAN," therefore, will open a channel of communication for the interchange of thought, and through which, light and knowledge may flow to instruct, enliven and fertilize all.

But further, to promote the welfare of our brethren and friends, and to secure for the paper their general and united support, "The Colored American" is established on the following basis, viz.—That when the monies received from subscribers shall be sufficient to cover actual expenditures, the surplus to go (through the hands of a Board of Supervision,) for the general good of the colored people—to sustain agents and lecturers, for the improvement of the free, and to free the enslaved.

It may be shown, that in this way, if every colored person who is able, will take the paper, and promptly pay the price, a large sum of money may be collected and expended to bless and benefit our brethren;—enough to support all the lecturers and agents who are now so much needed, to visit, to lecture, and to instruct them. To prove this, look at the fact—that there are in the city of New York about 16,000 free people of color; in the

State, 44,000; 22,000 in New England; 18,000 in New Jersey; 38,000 in Pennsylvania; and in a word, nearly 200,000 in the rest of the States. Now it is plain, that if every one that can do it (and what industrious man or woman is there that cannot?) were to pay the small sum constituting the price, viz., a dollar and a half, the whole together would amount to a sum, large enough to defray all expenses, and leaves a handsome balance with which to promote the holy cause of abolition. Let all, then, come up to the support of the paper as one man.

"United we stand, divided we fall."

P. A. BELL, Proprietor and Agent.
SAMUEL E. CORNISH, Editor.

RESPECT FOR RELIGION IN TEXAS.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Journal in a letter dated at Columbia, Texas, November, 1836, remarks that—

Texas was formerly under the influence of the Catholics. One great advantage resulting to the cause of religion in general, from the present contest, if ultimately successful, will be the extension of the interests, the principles and blessings of christianity, over a large extent of as fair a portion of the globe, as ever the sun of heaven shone upon.

While there is an almost universal opposition to popery, there is an equal disposition to express a decided preference to that which we term Evangelical religion. Public sentiment leans towards the Bible. There is, as far as I know, not a meeting house in all Texas. But there are thousands of people who would go to church. I do not know of one single regularly organized congregation; but I believe there is many a praying man and woman, who have not forgotten the God of their fathers. The leading men of the country are favorably disposed towards the gospel—are willing to defend it when defamed; and assist in its introduction, if opportunity afforded. As evidence of it—as soon as it was heard there were two clergymen in town, a resolution was proposed by the Hon. Mr. Everett, formerly of New York, that they should be invited to officiate as Chaplains to the Senate; and further, that the Senate Chamber be cleared for the purpose of having public preaching there, every Sabbath day. And that the clerks might have sufficient opportunity to remove their papers, the afternoon of Saturday was allowed for that purpose. On the Sabbath, all could not be accommodated—and more decent, respectful and polite attention is seldom to be seen in the churches in the states.

With one declaration, and one proposition, I will close this communication. Texas was once a Catholic territory. It is now vacant. Will it be occupied by the soldiers of the cross,—or will it not. Friends of the Redeemer, ministers of the gospel, you are to determine the question.

W. W. H.

NOTE.—The chaplains to the Senate of Texas are the Rev. Richard Salmon, of the North, an Episcopalian, and the Rev. Wm. W. Hall, M. D. of Kentucky, a Presbyterian.

The American Agent to Texas, Mr. Morfit, says that Texas is large enough to make four such states as Virginia—and two hundred like Rhode Island.

CHRISTIAN RESPONSIBILITIES.

To conclude—can any christian contemplate without trembling, his own agency in the perpetuation of such a system as that of American slavery? And what shall be the end of those scenes of misery and vice? Shall we wait until worldly politicians and legislators may rise up and bid them cease? We shall wait in vain. Already have we heard the sentiment proclaimed from high places, and by the voice of authority, that a race of slaves is necessary to the existence of freedom. Is it from those who utter such sentiments, that we expect de-

liverance to come? No. Reformation must commence where we are divinely taught that judgement must begin—at the house of God. This work must be done; and Christians must begin it; and begin it now or wrath will come upon us. The groans of millions do not rise forever unheard before the throne of the Almighty. The hour of doom must soon arrive—the storm must soon gather—the bolt of destruction must soon be hurled, and the guilty must soon be dashed in pieces. The voice of history and the voice of inspiration both warn us that the catastrophe must come unless averted by repentance. Let us remember that we are each of us individually responsible. We are individually assisting to pile up this mountain of guilt. And even if temporal judgments do not fall upon our day, we are not on that account the more safe from punishment. If we "know our Lord's will and do it not, we shall be beaten with many stripes." The sophistry and false reasoning by which we may delude our own souls, will not blind the eyes which "are as a flame of fire." A few years at most will place us where we would gladly give all the slaves of a universe, to buy off the punishment which oppression brings down upon the soul. It may be difficult to do our duty; but it will be far more difficult to stand in the judgment without having done it.

T. MERRITT.

Lynn, March 1, 1837.

We have received a pamphlet, entitled "An Epistle to the Clergy of the Southern States:" By Miss Sarah M. Grimke, from which we give the following extracts.

The present position of my country and of the church is one of deep and solemn interest. The times of our ignorance on the subject of slavery which God may have winked at, have passed away. We are no longer standing unconsciously and carelessly on the brink of a burning volcano. The strong arm of Almighty power has rolled back the dense cloud which hung over the terrific crater, and has exposed it to our view, and although no human eye can penetrate the abyss, yet enough is seen to warn us of the consequences of trifling with Omnipotence. Jehovah is calling to us as he did to Job out of the whirlwind, and every blast bears on its wings the sound, Repent! Repent! God, if I may so speak, is waiting to see whether we will hearken unto his voice. He has sent out his light and his truth, and as regards us it may perhaps be said—there is now silence in heaven. The commissioned messengers of grace to this guilty nation, are rapidly traversing our country, through the medium of the Anti-Slavery Society, through its agents and its presses, whilst the "ministering spirits" are marking with breathless interest the influence produced by these means of knowledge thus mercifully furnished to our land. Oh! if there be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, what hallelujahs of angelic praise will arise, when the slave-holder and the defender of slavery bow before the footstool of mercy, and with broken spirits and contrite hearts surrender unto God that dominion over his immortal creatures which he alone can rightly exercise.

How long the space now granted for repentance may continue, is among the secret things which belong unto God, and my soul ardently desires that all those who are enlisted in the ranks of abolition may regard every day as possibly the last, and may pray without ceasing to God, to grant this nation repentance and forgiveness of the sin of slavery. The time is precious, unspeakably precious, and every encouragement is offered to us to supplicate the God of the master and of the slave, to make a "right way" "for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance." Ezra says, "so we fasted and besought the Lord, and he was entreated for us." Look at the marvelous effects of prayer when Peter was imprisoned. What did the church in that crisis? She felt

that her weapons were not carnal but spiritual, and "prayer was made without ceasing." These petitions offered in humble faith were mighty through God to the emancipation of Peter. "Is the Lord's arm shortened that it cannot save, or his ear grown heavy that it cannot hear?" If he condescended to work a miracle in answer to prayer when one of his servants was imprisoned, will he not graciously hear our supplications when two millions of his immortal creatures are in bondage? We entreat the Christian ministry to co-operate with us, to unite in our petitions to Almighty God to deliver our land from blood guiltiness; to enable us to see the abominations of American slavery by the light of the gospel. "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, but men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil." Then may we expect a glorious consummation of our united labors of love. Then may the Lord Jesus, unto whom belongeth all power in heaven and in earth, condescend to answer our prayers, and by the softening influence of his Holy Spirit induce our brethren and sisters of the South "to undo the heavy burdens, to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free."

On the 5th of December, 1833, a committee of the synod of South Carolina and Georgia, to whom was referred the subject of the instruction of the colored population, made a report in which this language was used:

"Who would credit it that in these years of revival and benevolent effort, in this Christian republic, there are over two millions of human beings in the condition of heathen, and in some respects in a worse condition. From long continued and close observation, we believe that their moral and religious condition is such that they may be justly considered the *heathen* of this Christian country, and will bear comparison with heathen in any country in the world. The negroes are destitute of the gospel and ever will be under the present state of things."

In a number of the Charleston Observer, (in 1834,) a correspondent remarked: "Let us establish missionaries among our own negroes, who, in view of religious knowledge, are as debasingly ignorant as any one on the coast of Africa; for I hazard the assertion, that throughout the bounds of our Synod, there are at least one hundred thousand slaves, speaking the same language as ourselves, who never heard of the plan of salvation by a Redeemer."

The editor, the Rev. Benjamin Gildersleeve, who has resided at least ten years at the South, so far from contradicting this broad assertion, adds: "We fully concur with what our correspondent has said, respecting the benighted heathen among ourselves."

As Southerners, can we deny these things? As Christians, can we ask the blessing of the Redeemer of men on the system of American slavery? Can we carry it to the footstool of a God whose "compassions fail not," and pray for holy help to rivet the chains of interminable bondage on two millions of our fellow men, the accredited representatives of Jesus Christ? If we cannot ask in faith that the blessing of God may rest on this work of cruelty to the bodies, and destruction of the souls of men, we may be assured that his controversy is against it. Try it, my brethren, when you are kneeling around the family altar with the wife of your bosom, with the children of your love, when you are supplicating Him who hath made of one blood all nations to sanctify these precious souls and prepare them for an inheritance with Jesus—then pray, *if you can*, that God will grant you power to degrade to the level of brutes your colored brethren. Try it, and when your little ones are twining their arms around your neck, and lisping the first accents of affection in your ears; when the petition arises from the fullness of a parent's heart for a blessing on your children. At such a moment, look upon your slave. He too is a father, and we know that he is susceptible of all the tender sensibilities of a father's love. He folds his cherished infant in his arms, he feels

its life-pulse throb against his own, and he rejoices that he is a parent; but soon the withering thought rushes to his mind—I am a slave, and to-morrow my master may tear my darling from my arms. Contemplate this scene, while your cheeks are yet warm with the kisses of your children, and then try if you can mingle with a parent's prayer and a parent's blessing, the petition that God may enable you and your posterity to perpetuate a system which to the slave denies—

"To live together, or together die.

By felon hands at one relentless stroke

See the fond links of feeling nature broke;

The fibres twisted round a parent's heart.

Torn from their grasp and bleeding as they part."

Let us now turn to the heart-sickening picture of the "destitution" of our slaves, drawn by those who had the living original continually before their eyes. I extract from the report of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia before referred to.

"We may now inquire if they (the slaves) enjoy the privileges of the gospel in their own houses, and on the plantations? Again we return a negative answer—they have no bibles to read by their own fire-sides—they have no family altars; and when in affliction, sickness, or death, they have no minister to address to them the consolations of the gospel, nor to bury them with solemn and appropriate services."

"We have," said Mr. Berry, in a speech in the Virginia House of Delegates, in 1832, "as far as possible closed every avenue by which light might enter into their (the slaves) minds. If we could extinguish the capacity to see the light, our work would be completed; they would then be on a level with the beasts of the field, and we should be safe. I am not certain that we would not do it if we could find out the necessary process, and that on the plea of necessity."

Oh, my brethren! when you are telling an admiring audience that through your instrumentality nearly two millions of Bibles and Testaments have been disseminated throughout the world, does not the voice of the slave vibrate on the ear, as it floats over the sultry plains of the South, and utters forth his lamentation, "Hast thou but one blessing, my father? Bless me, even me also, O my father!" Does no wail of torment interrupt the eloquent harangue?—And from the bottomless pit does no accusing voice arise to charge you with the perdition of those souls from whom you wrested, as far as you were able, the power of working out their own salvation?

In regard to slavery, Satan has transformed himself into an angel of light, and under the false pretence of consulting the good of the slaves, pleads for retaining them in bondage, until they are prepared to enjoy the blessings of liberty. Full well he knows that if he can but gain time, he gains every thing. When he stood beside Felix and saw that he trembled before his fettered captive, as Paul reasoned of temperance, righteousness and judgment to come, he summoned to his aid this master-piece of satanic ingenuity, and whispered, say to this apostle, "Go thy way for this time, when I have a more convenient season I will call for thee." The heart of Felix responded to this intimation, and his lips uttered the fatal words—fatal, because, for ought that appears, they sealed his death warrant for eternity.

It is now twenty years since a beloved friend with whom I have often mingled my tears, related to me the following circumstance, when helpless and hopeless we deplored the horrors of slavery, and I believe many are now doing what we did then, weeping and praying and interceding. "but secretly, for fear of the Jews." On the plantation adjoining her husband's, there was a slave of pre-eminent piety. His master was not a professed religion, but the superior excellence of this disciple of Christ was not unmarked by him, and I believe he was so sensible of the good influence of his piety that he

did not deprive him of the few privileges within his reach. A planter was one day dining with the owner of this slave, and in the course of conversation observed that his profession of religion among slaves was mere hypocrisy. The other asserted the contrary opinion, adding, I have a slave who I believe would rather die than deny his Saviour. This was ridiculed, and the master urged to prove his assertion. He accordingly sent for this man of God, and peremptorily ordered him to deny his belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. The slave pleaded to be excused, constantly affirming that he would rather die than deny the Redeemer whose blood was shed for him. His master after vainly trying to induce obedience by threats had him severely whipped. The fortitude of the sufferer was not to be shaken: he nobly rejected the offer of exemption from further chastisement at the expense of destroying his soul, and this blessed martyr died in consequence of this severe infliction. Oh, how bright a gem will this victim of irresponsible power be, in that crown which sparkles on the Redeemer's brow; and that many such will cluster there, I have not the shadow of a doubt.*

* Since writing the above, I have received information that "the perpetrators of this foul deed were in a state of inebriation," and that the martyr was an aged slave. Drunkenness instead of palliating crime aggravates it, even according to human laws. But such are the men in whose hands slavery often places absolute power.

From the Mother's Magazine.

CHILDREN'S MINDS EARLY STORED WITH RELIGIOUS TRUTH.

There is a point of deep interest, and in my view of peculiar importance, to which I wish again to advert. It is the question, in what way we may most reasonably hope to be instrumental in bringing our children to a hearty, cordial, and practical reception of the great truths of our holy religion? You are aware, that those who have sound heads and truly Christian hearts, entertain different opinions on this subject. Some have thought that it was best to pre-occupy the mind, as much as possible, with religious truths at a very early period; others, that the mind should be kept entirely unbiased, until it becomes capable of understanding and judging for itself. It is to this last sentiment I wish to object, in the strongest manner possible. I am sure it is an error which admits of no *after consideration*. If a child or a youth is not a full unhesitating believer in the truths of our religion at ten, twelve, or fifteen years, it is only as by a miracle that it ever becomes so. I speak now of receiving the Bible as a divine rule of action, obligatory upon all. This I deem the basis of all religion. We may be *recrants* to the rule, and afterwards return, but the rule must be ever sacred and unquestioned in our minds; and this must become so through very early instruction and education. Is our affection for our parents the result of education or circumstances? I would not say that our religion is not reasonable—it is perfectly so; but we are not disposed to feel it to be so. And has it been asked, "Who by searching can find out God?" Human reasoning may, and often does, occasion infidelity; but never, no, never leads the lost soul to God. You, as the mother of your children, have the most unbounded influence over them; as a Christian mother, may you not identify the religion which is so dear and precious to you, with yourself, in their minds? Have you the least fear that any of your children will ever rest the evidence of their really being your offspring upon the legal aspect of the subject? or that a question can in any event be raised in their minds on this point? Certainly not. Now, is this full and unhesitating confidence produced by circumstances, and those alone, and shall not these same circumstances be used to produce the same results as regards the great subject of religion?

Early education is the only citadel that cannot be shaken by infidel sophistry. Let children be educated to feel that the truth and certainty of the Christian religion forms a part of their being, and it can never be successfully assailed in their minds. If there is one human being that can be held accountable for the moral character of another, it is the Christian mother for that of her child. And if this position be just, what scenes will the judgment day unfold! Oh, how many mothers are themselves deliberately, systematically, and studiously appropriating to themselves that place in the young affections of their children that belongs to God only! Dear sister, pardon me if I do you wrong; but allow me to urge you, by all that is dear and sacred, to impress upon the minds of your children the character of Christ; and to instil into their minds the truths of our holy religion. I believe that you are sincerely desirous of promoting the best interests of your children; how can this be done in any way like leading them to a practical knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus? Are you ready to inquire how it is that my mind is so strongly directed to this point? I answer, from personal observation of those who are dear to me, who, with Christian parents, are now at a very early age urging in reality, though not in name, towards practical infidelity; and I feel that I could weep tears of blood over them and for them, if it could avail ought in their case. Oh! may you in mercy be spared the pangs of knowing that, through your neglect, any of your offspring should yield their young spirits to the tempter's fatal power. Show them that you desire, above all things, to see them Christians—that you would rather have them dishonor and disobey you than God—that it is the image of Christ in them that you desire to see, and that you prize above all things beside.

From the Journal and Luminary.

YOUNG MEN SAVE OR DESTROY THEMSELVES.

MR. CHESTER:

I stepped into a store yesterday, and several men stood around the stove with a merchant, conversing on a variety of subjects. No one seemed to have come in to trade; and I saw the clerk at his desk reading his Bible. It was mid-day, in the center of business, but the clerk had a leisure moment, and he was not wasting his time, he was not reading a novel; no, he was reading his Bible.

I saw another young man, near the same age, *steal a dram*. A young man of fifteen, not only drink, but steal and drink ardent spirits!! Yes, as we were coming down the river, the hour of dinner had passed, the captain and some of the crew were asleep, the passengers were most out on deck, and the bar-keeper, leaving his door unlocked, was away with the rest. Just at this moment, the young man stepped into the bar, mixed a good portion for himself and cabin-boy. They drank it quick, took care to put all things in the place again, and I tried to appear as usual. I conversed with that young man; and he said his mother was a Christian, and persuaded him to attend church when the boat lay up in our wharf on the Sabbath; and that before he was employed on the boat, he was accustomed to attend Sabbath school every Lord's day.

Now, brother C., let this young man keep right on—let his mother, whom he loves and reveres, consent that he should spend his Sabbaths doing his daily services on board the boat, instead of finding him business where he can attend the S. School, and hear the preacher's voice on God's holy day. Let him continue to steal and drink his drams, and the end thereof is death.

Let the other continue so fond of the Bible as not only to read it alone and on the Sabbath, but to take it with him and catch a thought occasionally at his leisure moments in the shop, and we shall see some of the means by which young men save or destroy themselves.

H. L.

From the N. Y. Evangelist.

THE DANCING SCHOOL.

A young lady attended my meetings for some months. I have reason to believe the Spirit of the Lord was grieved from her bosom. Soon a dancing school was opened and she attended. None, probably, were more welcome in the Society of the gay than this same young woman. One day, a funeral was held at noon, and a dance in a house directly opposite at night. Funerals and dances are of frequent occurrence in this community. This young woman was recently called to follow one of her relatives to the grave. She felt, however, that her mountain stood strong, and put far away the evil day. The funeral of her relative had scarcely past, before her partner in folly, a young gentleman, called to see her to the dance.

My daughter, said her mother, you had better not go. It won't look well. But a mother's remonstrances are all in vain. I shall go to the dance, said the daughter, if I die, and all my friends were corpses.

As with a bolt from heaven, she was smitten with a sickness that in a very few days terminated her life.—The young gentleman that she was pledged to dance with in the ball room on Saturday night, met her corpse collined in the church on the next Sabbath, and assisted in carrying her to the grave.

The dancing school still goes on, and funerals are of frequent occurrence. 'This people have Moses and the prophets and Christ, and they will not believe though one should arise from the dead.

AN AFFLICTED MINISTER.

THE BALL AND THE SHROUD.

We learn from the Shenectady Cabinet, that a young woman by the name of Eliza Gore, was snatched from the arms of her friends in the most sudden and afflicting manner. On the 20th ult. having consented to accompany an intimate male friend to a ball on the next evening, she was enjoying with bright anticipations the pleasures in store for her, when she was seized with excruciating pain at the heart, and the next morning died of convulsions. At the appointed hour the gentleman drove up in the carriage to wait his fascinating and happy friend of the evening previous, to the enchantment of the ball room, and found her arrayed in her shroud.

THE MOTHER'S DUTY.

How sadly is she deficient in natural feeling who thinks her infant troublesome, and is willing to trust it to the care of hireling nurses, while she indulges in the gayeties of the ball room; and who will leave the formation of its character, as it grows up to the ignorant or vicious, rather than watch over it with assiduous care, and direct its opening mind into right thoughts and right impressions. A mother can mould the character of a child at will; but this cannot be done by supine indulgence of self. She must make it the business of her life—her pleasure and her constant employment, to rear up her children. Then will they gather round her in mature years, and bless the hand that guided them in the right way, and taught them such precepts as now guide them safely and calmly on the troubled sea of existence.

THE OCEAN.

Likeness of Heaven! agent of power!
Man is thy victim, shipwrecks thy power;
Spices and jewels from valley and sea,
Armies and banners are buried in thee.
What are the riches of Mexico's mines,
To the wealth that far down in thy deep waters shines?
The proud waves that cover thy conquering crest,
Thou fling'st them to death with one heave of thy breast.

From the high hills that view thy wreck-making shore,

When the bride of the mariner shrieks at thy roar;
When like lambs in the tempest or mews in the blast,
O'er thy ridge-broken billows the canvass is cast,—
How humbling to one with a heart and a soul,
To look on thy greatness, and list to its roll;
And think how that heart in cold ashes shall be,
While the voice of eternity rises from thee!
Where are the cities of Thebes and of Tyre?
Swept from the nations like sparks from the fire!
The glory of Athens, the splendor of Rome,
Dissolved, and forever, like dew in thy foam,
But thou art almighty, eternal, sublime,—
Unweakened, unwasted, twin brother of Time;
Fleets, tempests, nor nations thy glory can bow,
As the stars first beheld thee, still changeless art thou.
But hold! when thy surges no longer shall roll,
And yon firmaments length is drawn back like a scroll,
Then, then shall the spirit that sighs by the now,
Be more mighty, more lasting, more chainless than thou!
Irish paper.

Do not value men according to their esteem of thee,
but according to their true worth.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

NEW-HAVEN, MARCH 25, 1837.

THE QUARTERLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

The March number of this long established periodical has just appeared. As the articles are of more than usual variety and interest, we propose to notice them more in detail than it has been our custom to do.

ART. 1. RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—This is a sensible and judicious article on a subject which we fear is too little thought of. The object of the writer is to urge the duty of training children to act from religious principle. To show that children are early capable of being brought under the influence of religious principles, he says:

Their is nothing either in their age or depravity, to make them incapable of this. As soon as they are capable of doing wrong, they are capable of doing right; and as soon as they can understand the feelings and wishes of others, they can come under a moral influence in favor of rectitude.

The child that reveres an earthly parent, may be taught to reverence God. The child that is capable of a dutiful submission to the father of the flesh, may, being instructed concerning sin, render the same submission to the Father of Spirits. The same ingenuous grief, which he is capable of feeling for his offences against the father or the mother that cherished his infancy, he may feel for his offences against the Source of being and of good; and that trust, which he naturally reposes on his parents, may be directed to God, in the faith which saves the soul.

There are, besides, important advantages, he remarks, for bringing children under the influence of religious principle, which belong to no other period of life. They are inquisitive, susceptible of impression and confiding.

There are also fewer obstacles to be overcome in bringing children under the influence of religious principle, than are commonly found in the case of others. Their sinful propensities are fewer. They are not in general covetous, for they know not the worth of property; nor envious, for they see not the influence of worldly distinction; nor malicious, for though they may be angry, they are easily reconciled.

This we consider to be an unfortunate statement. If construed to the letter, it cannot be true. Every human being is endowed at his birth with all the susceptibilities which he will ever have. They may at one period be stronger or weaker than at another: they may be more or less frequently called into exercise; or the number of their objects may be increased or diminished: still no new propensity is ever created in the human soul. To say that there is, is what neither the Bible, nor reason nor facts, give the slightest sanction to. It is true indeed, as the writer remarks, that the *sinful propensities are feebler*, and this it is which presents such great encouragement to the Christian parent in training up his child for God. Among the efficient means of training children to the principles and habits of religion, the family, the Sabbath School and the common school are enumerated; and to these is very properly added, as the vital spring of all, the Church of God.

ART. II. MEMOIR AND REMAINS OF DR. NEVINS.—A concise estimate of the life and character of this interesting man, written by one who seems to have been on terms of personal intimacy with him.

ART. III. EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS.—A brief exposition of hieroglyphic writing, together with a history of the means by which it was discovered. The writer seems to understand his subject and has given a lucid and popular explanation of it. He attaches more importance however, to the recent discoveries of Champollion, and other laborers in the same field, than we have been accustomed to do. Of Champollion, it is remarked by Klaproth who has published a labored examination of his works, that "his discoveries are confined to a small number of hieroglyphic signs; and that he has deciphered almost nothing except proper names, and a few words, written in an alphabet resembling in some respects those of the Shemitic languages, in which the vowels are omitted and only the consonants are written."

The remaining articles which we must defer to our next week, are on the following subjects: ART. IV. Self deception in religion. ART. V. On Christian Union. "Thoughts on Evangelizing the World:" by Thomas H. Skinner. ART. VI. The Spirit of the Age viewed in relation to the duties and trials of Christian Ministers. ART. VII. Historical and Critical view of Cases in the Indo-European languages. ART. VIII. Comparative view of the Divine Mercies. ART. IX. On the Authority of Reason in Theology. ART. X. Letter from the Rev. Calvin Colton.

VINDICATION OF THE RIGHT OF PETITION.

The Massachusetts Legislature have passed resolutions by a vote almost unanimous, approving of the course of her Representatives, Messrs. Adams and others, during the late session of Congress, maintaining the "right of Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia," and declaring that the resolution of Congress, laying aside the petitions against slavery without reading or acting upon them, is a "virtual denial of the right of petition itself," and a violation of the "inherent, absolute, and inalienable right of man."

Yeas 378, nays 16.

We have received a pamphlet from Dr. Parker, of China, containing a plan for the formation of a Medical Missionary Society, from which we give the following summary and extracts. It is proposed to form a Society for introducing the Medical practice, as well as the Arts and Sciences of Europe, and America, among the Chinese; and thus to open the way for the spreading of the Gospel of peace and salvation, among this superstitious and idolatrous nation. The more immediate object of this Society is, to assist those sent out as missionaries to China, to instruct them in their language, manners, customs, to give information respecting the various and prevalent diseases, and thus to facilitate the means by which their services may be made immediately useful. Another object of this Society is, to receive Medical and Scientific men, sent out by the Societies formed for this purpose either in England or America. It is necessary for the success of this work that it be based on the grounds of disinterested benevolence; and it must appear as such, in order to be received by the inhabitants. "The men who shall conduct such an institution must not only be masters of their profession, and conciliating in their manners towards all classes; but *judicious men*—men thoroughly imbued with the spirit of *true piety*," willing to endure hardships and sacrifice personal comforts, that they may commend the Gospel of the blessed God. "Such success has already attended the Medical practice of foreigners among the Chinese, that no one can doubt its utility." The practice of vaccination was first introduced among the Chinese in the year 1805, by Alexander Pearson, Esq., then Surgeon to the Honorable East India Company's factory in Canton. Before that gentleman left China in the Autumn of 1832, he had the satisfaction of knowing that the practice was not only well established at Canton, but that it had spread to nearly all the provinces of the Empire." "The Hospital opened at Macau under his care, relieved four thousand indigent Chinese from various maladies." "In Canton the number of patients from the opening of the hospital on the 4th Nov., 1835, to August 1836, was 1674." "The following extract by Ma szeyay, translated by Dr. Morrison, serves to show the respect and gratitude which have been exhibited by the inmates of the Hospital towards Dr. Parker."

"Doctor Parker is a native of America, one of the nations of the western ocean. He is of a good and wealthy family, loves virtue, and takes pleasure in distributing to the necessities of others: he is moreover very skilful in the medical art. In the ninth month of the year *Yihoo*, he crossed the seas, and came to Canton, where he opened an institution in which to exercise gratuitously his medical talents. Hundreds of patients daily sought relief from his hands. Sparring neither expense nor toil, from morning to evening, he exercised the tenderest compassion towards the sick and miserable.

I had then lost the sight of my left eye, seven years, and the right eye had sympathized with it nearly half that period. No means used proved beneficial; no physician had been able to bring me relief. In the eleventh month of the year above named, my friend Muh Keas-haou introduced me to doctor Parker, by whom I was directed to convey my bedding to his hospital. I there made my dormitory in a third story, where he visited me night and morning. First he administered a medicine in powder, the effects of which, as a cathartic, continued three days. He then performed an operation on

the eye with a silver needle, after which he closed up the eye with a piece of cloth. In five days, when this was removed, a few rays of light found entrance, and in ten days I was able to distinguish perfectly. He then operated on the right eye, in like manner. I had been with him nearly a month when the year drawing to a close, business compelled me to take leave. On leaving, I wished to present an offering of thanks; but he peremptorily refused it, saying, "return, and give thanks to heaven and earth: what merit have I?" So devoid was he of boasting. Compare this his conduct, with that of many physicians of celebrity. How often do they demand heavy fees, and dose you for months together, and after all fail to benefit. Or how often, if they afford even a partial benefit, do they trumpet forth their own merits, and demand costly acknowledgments! But this doctor, heals men at his own cost, and though perfectly successful, ascribes all to heaven, and absolutely refuses to receive any acknowledgment. How far beyond those of the common order of physicians are his character, and rank! Ah, such men are difficult to find.

For the Intelligencer.

THE NEW YORK EVANGELIST AND THE FRIENDS OF PEACE.

Some few months since, this paper charged the friends of Peace with opposition to capital punishment as a part of their creed; and recently it charges us with the folly of pursuing a delusion, in our efforts to gain the establishment of a "Congress of Nations." The occasion of this last charge is the failure of a committee to award a large premium to either of the essays submitted to their inspection on the subject of a Congress of Nations. Now sir, as a friend and agent of the A. P. Society, I am free to say, that I consider the N. Y. Evangelist more abounding in ignorance, and more wanting in discrimination on the subject of Peace, than on any other important subject which it has attempted to discuss or handle. The editor evidently has not studied this subject with that thoroughness which it deserves; and I am the more grieved that he should write under such circumstances, especially as he does not fairly represent our views, and above all, that he resorts to the abhorred and mischievous doctrine of *inferences* to embarrass us and prejudice our cause.

I. I deny, in opposition to the Evangelist, that it enters into the creed of the friends of Peace to abjure or deny the doctrine of capital punishment.* It is true that some of the friends of the cause, as an increasing number of other citizens, disbelieve the doctrine of capital punishment. But as friends of Peace, they have nothing at all to do with the subject. Indeed, the two things, capital punishment and killing men in war, stand on quite distinct ground; and moreover, the advocates of Peace have labored with no small exertion and success to make intelligible and even palpable this distinction.

Who that has read our publications with any due care and attention, does not call to mind the masterly effort of the lamented Grimke, in one of the latest numbers of the Calumet, to set forth this distinction? And what editorial pen has been wielded more successfully than that of Mr. Fellows, in a recent number of the "Advocate of Peace," to utterly destroy all pretended similarity be-

tween the taking of life by capital punishment and the destruction of that life by war. And now I earnestly ask, what right has the Evangelist to make *inferences* against our disclaimers and efforts, in promulgating our principles?

If the Evangelist needs to be again informed on this subject—and the information will not be lost upon it—I will just say to its editor, that the difference in the two cases is this. In capital punishment there is a deliberate, regular and fair trial according to long established laws—laws too, in the making of which the accused himself is supposed to have had a voluntary agency, thus giving his consent to their execution. The whole proceeding is far removed from malevolent and agitating passions; and both disinterested witnesses, jury, judges, and executive officers are required. Hence all personal and corrupt influences are excluded. Nor is there an execution until enormous crime committed by the accused—the sufferer—is proved beyond a question. In war, on the other hand, all is passion and precipitation. There is not the least semblance or pretence of a trial. The parties become their own witnesses, judges and executioners; and the victims of their judgment must sacrifice their lives not only without legal guilt, but even without the least charge or imputation of that guilt. Is there no difference between these two cases? We say there is. And although we admit, that civil authorities are the ministers of God unto offenders, we deny this in reference to the innocent—or even the guilty *without a trial according to law*. Does not justice, the cause of benevolence and religion, demand some retraction from the Evangelist on this subject.

II. The Evangelist accuses us of pursuing a delusion in attempting to establish a Congress of Nations: it asserts the impossibility of any tribunal above that now established among the nations, and quotes from the famous 13th of Romans to show the right of nations to engage in war—(this is as we understand the paper.) "*he beareth not the sword in vain.*" Now we beg leave to tell the Evangelist that this attempted proof is *wholly inapplicable* to the question at issue. This chapter was addressed to *subjects* and not to their *rulers*. It hence contains no grant of powers whatever to those in authority; nor should it be interpreted at all in reference to their vested rights. Doubtless when this chapter was penned solely to keep the Jewish Christians at Rome from insurrection, there was entertained by the author the utmost detestation of the government and authorities, against which it prohibited that insurrection. That whole civil establishment—as most civil establishments in the world at the present day—was built on the dark foundations of heathenism and hell, and hence detested by the Spirit of God. The whole instruction from the 13th Rom. to us is, that we should not stir up sedition against even oppressive and wicked governments, but bear them as we would other temporal calamities, while we may proceed to the spread and enforcement of God's laws, which will ultimately consume these establishments. And we would say to the Evangelist, that there is not even an *allusion*, in what he has quoted from this chapter, to the subject of war. Its *only* allusion, is to those legal regulations and punishments which obtain

* These remarks are without concert among the friends of Peace.

with a fair trial, and in opposition, as I have stated above, to the destruction of innocent men without such trial. The quotation, "he beareth not the sword in vain," has not the least reference either to the right or practice of war. The only meaning to it is, that the sword then—as in many cases at the present day—was worn, and is alluded to, as an emblem of civil power. With a change of customs, a cane, or even an outstretched hand might be the subject of a like reference. I shall say but one word more. The Evangelist seems to employ the failure of our obtaining the premium as proof of our delusion. I would just say, in reply to this, that there may be other reasons for this failure. The subject of a Congress of nations is a vast one—it is comparatively a new subject, consequently there are fewer materials at hand with which to elaborate our schemes; and after all the committee of award do not deny that our object may not be brought about. But I must not enlarge. I would, however, ask the Evangelist whether a certain Judge Marshall, of no small note in this country, did not once acknowledge, that the arguments and Scriptures in favor of the scheme in question, were apt and conclusive, although he felt the impracticability of the thing? But will the Evangelist resist reason and Scripture? After all the Evangelist—if I understand it—seems to anticipate greater powers on this subject when the knowledge of Christianity shall increase extensively. I would simply ask the Evangelist whether it would discourage us and palsify our hands, while we are endeavoring to develop and apply these anticipated powers and to increase this knowledge of Christianity?

PACIFICUS.

REVIVALS.

For the last five months there has been a highly pleasing state of religious interest in Mt. Carmel Society, Hamden. Some of the disciples of Christ have been led to abandon old hopes, and now feel that they are in a state of reconciliation with God. A spirit of prayer has been prevalent, meetings crowded, dead sinners raised to life, and many who a few months since were far gone in sin, and who gave painful manifestation of opposition to God, are sitting like little children at the Saviour's feet, clothed and in their right mind, and now bid fair to be ornaments to the religion of the gospel. Meetings are still thronged, souls still anxious, and abundant evidence of the faithfulness of God and the presence of his Spirit.

This people are destitute of a pastor. The lambs of the flock peculiarly need one to instruct them in the great duties of religion. May the Great Head of the Church send one who shall be vigilant in watching the interests of his cause, and skillful to win souls.

REVIVAL IN NORWALK, CONN.

We are permitted, says the Richmond Telegraph, to copy the following extract of an interesting letter from the Hon. Clark Bissell of Norwalk, Conn., to his son in Richmond, under date of March 8th, he says:

"I have that to communicate, which I know will be cheering to your heart. There can be no doubt that God in his mercy is visiting this place by the influence of his blessed Spirit. The work commenced at the Old Well (the name of a village in the township of Norwalk) a few weeks ago, and has ever since been, and is

now going onward with increasing power. (The Rev. Mr. Knox, formerly of Virginia, is the pastor of the church in that village.) Characters to all worldly appearance the most unlikely, the opened and avowed atheist, the scold, and the drunkard, have been bowed and brought to the foot of the cross by its influence. Between fifty and sixty in that small congregation, are rejoicing in hope of the salvation of God. Many others are awakened to a sense of their condition, and are anxiously inquiring what they shall do to be saved.

In this village, (another and a larger village in Norwalk, in which the writer lives) for the last two weeks, attention to this all important subject has been much aroused, and is yet increasing in intensity. The resorts for prayer are thronged to overflowing, and the deepest solemnity pervades these mighty assemblies; all is still and solemn as the house of death. There is much tenderness of conscience—much deep feeling, and all seem disposed to converse upon the subject of their salvation. Many, (I do not know how many) are indulging a hope that they have passed from death unto life. (After a statement of personal facts of the most interesting kind, the writer adds,) I know it would rejoice your heart to be with us at this time, and to witness the goings of our God and King. It is almost incredible what a change has taken place. Two months ago at the Monthly Concert, there was not a person present, on whom Mr. Hall, the Pastor of the church) could call to make a prayer. He was affected to tears—seemed to feel that his labors were in vain. What, but the mighty power of God, has produced the change? It is in vain to say that the agency of man has produced it. No extraordinary efforts have been put forth—no human machinery has been employed—neither of the Pastors has had any assistance from abroad.—No other Clergyman has been present in either of the parishes. I could dwell longer on this subject and give you many interesting particulars, but my sheet is full."

From the Boston Recorder.

SANDY BAY, GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Mr. Editor,—It is known to a considerable number of your readers, that within a few months past, we have been enjoying in this place a precious season of revival. The work commenced with the Christians near the beginning of November last; but it was not till the middle of the following month, that we had the pleasure of directing anxious and inquiring sinners to Christ. Now sixty or seventy heads of families, including males and females, are rejoicing in hope, several of whom are quite aged. At first the work was chiefly confined to this class of persons, but has since extended to the youth and children. It has been silent and in many instances powerful, strongly marked as the work of the Spirit. It is still in progress, and as we hope, without abatement. Interesting cases of hopeful conversion might be detailed if it were proper. But my object in writing is to encourage the friends of Christ in other places, and to solicit an interest in their prayers that God would continue to pour out his Spirit upon this people.

WAKEFIELD GALE.

March 7, 1837.

Revival in Philadelphia.—We are informed by a letter from a ministerial brother, that a good state of things exists in the Presbyterian church under the care of Mr. Patterson. More than one hundred persons profess to have passed from death to life.

Judicious mothers will always keep in mind that they are the first book read, and the last laid aside in every child's library. Every look, word, tone, gesture, may even dress, makes an impression.

TEMPERANCE.

From the Illinois Temperance Herald.

THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE—NO. 2.

By the Author of "Life on the Lakes," "Legends of a Log Cabin," &c. &c.

The Drunkard's Grave had yet another victim.—The widow's sole earthly remaining hope had been laid there, and *now* Genius came; his bright eye was dimmed and his lofty brow bent to the dust.—All the gay visions that had enchanted his youth—all the high and holy aspirations that had animated his manhood,—all were gone. "The golden bowl was broken at the fountain" of Poetry, "and the wheel" stopped at "the cistern" of thought, and Genius, heaven born Genius, was laid in the *Drunkard's Grave*.

Charles Austin was born in one of the secluded villages of the Green Mountains, the youngest and best beloved son of a small farmer. I have said the best beloved of his parents; not that their affections were guided by fancy, or whim, or idle partiality, but that those affections flowed in the channel that nature herself had pointed out: the channel in which every parent must feel that his own affections deepest flow, for the poet has said, with as much truth as elegance:—

"We love them most, when most they want
The watchfulness of love."

Charles was from his birth of a weak and delicate frame, and many times before he reached boy-hood, his life was in utmost peril from disease.—To condemn such a frame to labor in their inhospitable climate was, in the view of his fond parents, to condemn him to death. They thought not of it, but rather chose, though they could ill afford the expense, to send Charles to an academy in New Jersey, and subsequently to P—— College. He had early displayed a quick apprehension, a retentive memory, an ardent imagination, and a keen perception, and an exquisite relish for the beauties of nature. His parents would not doubt that Charles was a "Genius," and that his fertile mind would bear a rich harvest of intellectual treasures, if only early cultivation was not neglected. What was it to them that their frugal fare must be yet more homely, their well worn garments made to serve another another season, and the few—the very few superfluities, in which they had indulged their coming age denied. Charles, in a more congenial climate, would be sheltered from the fierce storms of their hard winters, would have the best opportunities of mental cultivation—would be learned,—be wise,—become, perhaps,—but why should I dwell on the fond hopes, and bright anticipations of a parent? Who does not know that they have no limits but a parent's love? Charles Austin spent eight years in New Jersey. All the promise of his early years was more than fulfilled. He was for his years a scholar of no ordinary repute; his talents were appreciated, his learning honored, and literary prizes and college honors were showered upon him. The last year of college life had arrived; and his friends confidently anticipated that the highest honors of his college would be the sure reward of his industry and talent. What then was their regret to hear that his health always delicate, was now utterly falling. Physicians were consulted, their prescriptions compared, and for once, the faculty were agreed, "Mr. Austin must leave college and his books, and seek by change of air and of habits, to regain his health."

This was the unanimous opinion of the faculty. To Charles, this was like a sentence of death. He objected—he remonstrated;—was there no other way?—no chance of his continuing his studies six months longer? The general answer was "no." But unhappily, a physician was found, who thought that by very strict regi-

ment, he might be enabled to finish his college course. Charles caught at the idea; he was all gratitude—all obedience. The directions of his physician were not difficult: "A little wine every day,"—"A little brandy and water before dinner,"—"A little opium when he did not sleep," and this was all. The advice was followed, and in a week Austin was pursuing his studies with renewed ardor. He graduated with honor and without a rival in his class. He now visited his home—his parents received him with a joy which only parents know. All their sacrifices, all their self-denials were forgotten in the perfect happiness of that short month. They saw nothing in Charles that could raise a doubt of his future success. True he was pale; but men of "Genius" were always pale: true, his hands were unsteady, but it was only the trembling of the high wrought nerves of a poet; and for the "wine and brandy" he drank, "were they not prescribed by the physician?" Alas! alas! that it should be so. Charles left his home at the end of a few weeks to begin the study of law in New York: but to this he did not exclusively devote himself. His company was eagerly sought after,—his acquaintance courted,—above all, the Editor of a popular magazine heard that Mr. Austin was a poet; he begged "one little effusion, any trifle," for his columns. Charles was not sensible to the pleasure of seeing himself in print; he wrote,—was admired; wrote again,—was more and more praised. At length he published a volume: the newspapers were in ecstasy, and for a while nothing was talked of but the new poet—the American Poet.

But what, mean time, were Charles Austin's private habits? Had you asked this question of any of his companions, the reply had been, "Perfectly good!" "He took his wine, and brandy and water, as every body did, and if he did now and then become 'a little gay,' it was as much the intoxication of 'genius' as of wine." Such was the language of friendship. What said truth. Her stern reply was, "Charles Austin is already a drunkard and an opium eater, and he will soon become a sot." Yes! the wine that had at first been only used as a stomachic, soon became a cordial, a gentle stimulant, by help of which the poet could always exercise his faculties, could always act, talk and think poetically. The opium, too, at first only a medicine, to be taken at infrequent intervals, to quiet the over excited nerves, had become a necessary of existence, without which, and without his glass of brandy and water, Charles Austin could not even leave his room in the morning. The downward path thus fairly entered, (and why should we pause to recount each particular step by which he reached the bottom?)—Suffice it to say, he did reach it, and soon.

One pleasant afternoon, in August, 18—, a party of young men, in a private carriage, stopped at the little tavern in Aston. They were on a tour of pleasure through the Green Mountains, and as the situation of the little village struck their fancy, they resolved to make it their headquarters for a few days, from which a number of excursions to objects of interest in the neighborhood, were to be made. The landlord was all attention to his guests. "Pray what do you call this village, landlord?" asked one. "Aston, Rutland county," answered the host, with Yankee precision. "Aston! Aston! Aston!" echoed the querist; then turning to another of the party, he asked, "Was it not Aston, Vermont, that poor Austin came from?" "Yes, I believe so." "Poor Austin! he was a genius, but his genius ran wild at last. What became of him Harry? Do you know?" "Not I. The last time I saw him, poor fellow, he was as drunk as a bear at the eagle tavern. I believe they had just picked him out of the gutter!" "Like enough!" said another of the party, "poor Austin never could take his wine well; many and many's the time, Bruce and I have drunk him under the table—have we not, Bruce?" "Yes indeed," replied Bruce. "But when are we to have dinner? and pray, Curtis, have you taken the wine out of the car-

"I should like to take a glass of sherry and bitters before dinner." Thus these thoughtless young men wasted the time. After dinner they walked out to take a stroll around the village. The most prominent object in a New England village (and long may it be so!) is the meeting house. Thither the steps of our wanderers were directed. The graveyard was behind it. They went in. A new marble headstone, over a yet fresh grave, attracted their attention. One of the party approached and read the inscription:

BENJAMIN AUSTIN died March 9, 18—, aged 63. Close beside was another. It read:

DEBORAH AUSTIN died May 9, 18—, aged 60.

These two graves, though quite near together, were not exactly side by side; between them was a little mound, already covered with green turf; but no monument, no headstone, marked the spot. In that nameless grave lay Charles Austin, the "poet." The broken hearted mother found rest—the gray hairs of the father were brought with sorrow to the grave. They lay side by side, and between them the suicide slept in the drunkard's grave!

INDIAN EXAMPLE.

An Indian went to Pittsburgh and purchased a barrel of rum to sell to his red brethren. While on his return to his tribe, he heard a Moravian missionary deliver a Temperance address. His feelings were touched—He took back the barrel of rum to the traders, and declared he would neither drink nor sell any more spirituous liquors, for it was against his conscience. He earnestly begged that it might be taken back, adding that if it was not he would pour it into the Ohio. The trader, as well as the white people, were amazed and assured him that it was the first barrel of rum they had ever seen returned by an Indian. It was taken back, and probably sold to some white man, whose conscience was less tender than the poor Indian's. Would that every dealer in ardent spirit throughout the Union would give conscience a candid hearing on this subject—and if its admonition should be listened to and respected, a few months would see the U. States free from all the hundreds of thousands of drunkards that are now kept so by the rum-sellers.

The signs of the times indicate a termination to the trade of ardent spirits as a drink, at no distant day. Public opinion is omnipotent in this land of liberty—and when that opinion becomes concentrated, and bent on destroying an evil, no man can long stand out against it. Many of the present race of spirit dealers will hold out to the last gasp: but one would think no young man, or any one having the present aspect of things in view, and any regard for reputation or the commendation of the virtuous, would now commence this traffic—a traffic which is looked upon with disgust, and will soon be branded with infamy.—N. Y. Sun.

Wit dearly bought.—I will tell you, said a man not long since, when conversing with a friend on the subject of temperance; I will tell you how much it cost me to open my eyes on this subject. I commenced house keeping with a barrel of New Rum on the tap. I continued in this way, till I trained up my oldest son to be a drunkard. Then my eyes were opened.

According to official reports, there has been a decrease of 25 per cent. in the importation of distilled liquors into the port of New York the past year, compared with the average of preceding years.

There is a striking coincidence in the fact that the whole number of criminals convicted in the General and Special Sessions, since 1830, has decreased in equal ratio with the diminished number of licensed liquor shops, or about 33 per cent. compared with the population.—

And the whole number of paupers has decreased in the same proportion.

The city Inspector reports "that the deaths from intemperance have been less numerous, during the last than in the preceding year."

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

For the Intelligencer.

In a pleasant parish in New Jersey there lives a Mr. and Mrs. Hopping, both of whom are professors of religion, and very good people. To these pious parents God has given several children; and I believe they have endeavored to train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, as the Bible teaches they should, for most of them, there is reason to hope, have been brought to love the Saviour.

Some few years since, they had a little daughter, who was a very dear child to her parents; but her name I have forgotten. Still she was so good a little girl that I wish to say something to the children who may read your paper, about her, that they may be induced to be good children too; and therefore I shall call her name Emma.

Emma Hopping was a sweet little girl, because she was so affectionate to her brothers and sisters, so kind to her playmates, and so dutiful to her parents. Her disposition was so sweet and so mild, her manners so artless and sincere, and her conduct so amiable and kind, that no one could be acquainted with her and fail to notice her very agreeable peculiarities, or to be attracted by the excellence of her character. Her young associates loved her, because she was not selfish and ill-natured, but so gentle and so pleasant; and older and more reflecting persons loved her because she was so good.

But Emma loved not only her little brothers and sisters and mates and parents, but she loved the bible too. When she was about five years old, her constitution, which was never strong, seemed to be giving way, and her health was evidently declining. She was not however, confined to her bed, nor yet could she, for several months, go into the street. Poor, unhappy, little girl! my young readers will say, to be shut up all the pleasant summer, and not be able to play in the garden one hour with the children. But no; she was not unhappy. Perhaps you would be should you be sick so long; but she was not. And yet she believed and said she should never get well. She said, in a little while she should see her father and mother, her little brothers and sisters, no more, for she should die. Still she was not unhappy, because she loved the bible. When she wished employment for her mind, she would ask her mother for the great family bible; and when it was laid upon the carpet, (for she could not lift it, it was so large,) she would then amuse herself in examining the pictures, and by reading in the Bible the account of the things which they represented; and thus, while her mind was gratified, her understanding was enlightened and her heart improved. In this manner she spent a considerable portion of her time, reading and pondering the holy scriptures, and making remarks upon what especially interested her, or asking questions for her farther information.

On one occasion, as she was thus employed upon the carpet with her great bible, she happened to turn to the

picture of Christ blessing the little children whom he had taken in his arms; and her soul was enraptured. She read the story as recorded by Mark, x. 14, 15, 16. "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Verily, I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, and put his hands upon them and blessed them." She ran immediately and called her mother to see what she had found; and in the fullness of her little heart, she said, "Mamma, see here! do see what I have found. Jesus Christ will let little children come unto him! Christ will receive little children." She looked and looked at the picture, and read and read again the story, in an ecstasy of delight.—And ever afterwards till her death, which was not a long time, it was the theme of her conversation and the source of her highest satisfaction. She now loved not only the bible and the pictures, but she loved Christ, who would suffer little children to come unto him. On one occasion she said concerning this subject, "O, how I love God. Pa, I wish I could see him. I would kiss him."* Her mind was tranquil and at this tender age she looked forward to death with satisfaction, because Christ would receive little children. She believed he would receive her and she was willing to die and go to her Saviour.

This narrative teaches you,

1. If children wish to have others love them, they must be good children.
2. The way to be happy when you are sick is to love the bible and read it.
3. Christ discovers his loveliness to those who study his character.
4. Such as love the bible and love Christ, need not be afraid to die, for Christ loves them and will receive them to his arms and bless them with his love forever.
5. If parents wish to see their children live in the fear of God, and die, (if they must) without fear of death, let them encourage the study of the bible in their young children, and gratify their curiosity by telling them the interesting stories which that book contains. W. B.

* This remark, though it expresses a mistaken notion of the mode of God's existence, is inserted because it expresses in her own affectionate language, and perhaps more pertinently than in any other, the ardor of the love of a little girl, five years old, contemplating the love of God towards sinners.

An original tract Anecdote.—In the district of A—, one Sabbath morning, as some Sunday-school children were going to their school, having with them a little bundle of tracts, they passed by the field of a man who had for a long time neglected the sanctuary, and the ordinary means of grace. One of them passed over the fence, and fastened to the plough-beam the tract called "the Swearer's Prayer," and continued on to school. On Monday morning, when the man came to his plough, he found the tract, but was unable to tell how it came there; and surprised at the circumstance, took it home and read it carefully again and again. Conviction fastened upon his conscience, and he began to attend places of public worship. His anxiety after truth continued, until as he trusts, he found peace in a Saviour's blood,

and has since connected himself with a Christian church.—*Charleston Obs.*

TO A WEeping MOTHER.

The little girl who speaks in the following lines, we are informed, was a great admirer of nature. She loved to cull the earliest flowers of spring, and to ramble over the hills and through the meadows and the groves, all lovely and fragrant with the fresh verdure and new born roses of the opening year. Near the close of April, she often spoke of the anticipated pleasures of her "May morning" walk. But how little did she anticipate that her "May morning" walk would be in the green fields and the balmy groves, and beside the still waters of the Paradise above!

How consoling must be the following lines to the bereaved mother. How can she weep, except it be tears of joy that her precious child has exchanged the sorrows and the sins of earth, for the bliss and the holiness of heaven. Yes, she "may rejoice." Look up, weeping mother! see the heavenly radiance beaming on the skies, to mark your angel daughter's pathway up to the bosom of her Saviour. O follow that pathway, and ere long, mother and child will meet again in bliss and glory everlasting.

Weep not for me, dear mother,
I'm where the flowers are bright—
It's always 'May Day' here,
And here there is no night.

What though I loved earth's flowers,
And spring's sweet genial rays,
Here, in celestial bowers,
I sing my Maker's praise.

O, what are all earth's joys
Compared with bliss above,
Where seraphs, angels, one and all,
Sing our Redeemer's love.

Then weep not, dearest Mother;
But rather kiss the rod,
That called your darling daughter,
So early to her God;

Where sin, where sorrow never
Can more disturb her rest;
But one continued song of praise,
Among the ransomed blest.

You say, you miss your daughter,—
You cannot hear her voice;
Your heart is broke, your faith is tried;
But still you may rejoice.

Rejoice in God who gave,
And had a right to take;
Then learn to bless his holy name,
For the Redeemer's sake.

But oh! 'tis hard, you think,
To give your only one,
But still, it's right. Then calmly say,
"Dear Lord, thy will be done."

Then mourn no more for me;
But soothe my father dear,
And both give up your hearts to God,
And meet your daughter here.

(S. S. Visiter.)

A Young Female.—The Rev. W. Jay one day attended the dying bed of a young female, who thus addressed him: "I have little to relate as to my experience. I have been much tried and tempted, but this is my sheet anchor—Christ hath said, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' I know I come to him, and I expect he will be as good as his word. Poor and unworthy as I am, he will not trifle with me; it would be

neath his greatness as well as his goodness; I am at his feet; and you have often said—

'Tis joy enough, my All in all,
At thy dear feet I lie!
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly'

From the Sunday School Journal.

Permit one who loves the Sabbath school cause to relate an incident which took place in this city a few weeks since. A little boy aged eleven years, belonging to the Sunday-school of the Second church, was brought under conviction, and hopefully converted by means of reading a book in the library. In the absence of the pastor, the writer of this article was called upon to supply his place, in the preparatory lecture. After the services, there was a meeting of the session; and an invitation given for any who desired to connect themselves with the communion of the church to come before the session and make application. The only one who appeared was the little boy just mentioned. He came forward with extreme diffidence and modesty, and gave an humble and deeply interesting account of his conversion.—He said he had "been a very bad boy; and never thought of God and religion until the Holy Spirit, at the time of his reading the book, led him to see the wickedness of his heart." His replies to the questions proposed were satisfactory, and induced us all to believe that he was enlightened by the influences of God's Spirit, and really converted into the kingdom of Christ. There are now on record numbers of instances of the hopeful conversion of little children, through the reading of the books of the American Sunday-school Union. I rejoice to see that the attention of our churches is becoming aroused to the importance of the Sunday-school cause; and of raising money to store their libraries with the books of the Union. Through the indefatigable labors of your agent, the churches in this region of country have received a fresh impulse on this subject; and are now alive to the vast importance of Sabbath-schools. Before he commenced his labors, many of the churches were very much dead to the subject; but now they are almost universally engaged in the cause.

D. R. G.

Utica, Feb. 7, 1837.

[We are surprised that our correspondent should omit to mention the name of the book referred to.]

SABBATH KEEPING STEAMBOAT ON LAKE ERIE.

CLEVELAND, Feb. 23, 1837.

Br. Peet,—Perhaps your readers will be gratified to learn that a Steamboat of about 440 tons, to be called the Rochester, and to be conducted on Sabbath keeping and Temperance principles, will run on Lake Erie this season, and will be commanded by an experienced Captain, and one who loves the Sabbath. Those who patronize this boat may be assured that their ears will not be filled with profanity on board. The boat is to be propelled by a powerful engine, and we intend to have it ready for business by the 15th of June next.

Yours, with respect,

J. M. GOODMAN.

Am. Congress fifty years ago.—The American Congress, soon after the declaration of independence, passed the following motion:

"Whereas, true religion and good morals are the only solid foundation of public liberty and happiness:

"Resolved, That it be, and hereby is, earnestly recommended to the several States, to take the most effectual measures for the encouragement thereof, and for the suppression of theatrical entertainments, horse-racing, gaming, and such other diversions as are productive of idleness, dissipation, and a general depravity of principles and manners."

Honesty of a black man.—At a recent party of the Jewish persuasion, in the Strand, London, one of ladies forgot her jewels, valued at 2000 pounds, [upwards of nine thousand dollars,] which she left in the coach. Not knowing the number of the vehicle, her consternation may be imagined; but it was allayed by having them returned to her next day, by the driver safe.—*N. Y. Evening Star, Feb. 24.*

A word in season.—A number of intimate friends being at a dinner together on the Lord's day, one of the company, in order to prevent impertinent discourse, said, It is a question whether we shall all go to heaven or not! This plain hint occasioned a general seriousness and self-examination. One thought if any of this company go to hell, it must be me; even the servants who waited at table, were affected in the same manner. In short it was afterwards found, that this one sentence proved, by the special blessing of God upon it, instrumental to their conversion.

What an encouragement is this to the Christian to give a serious turn to his conversation, when in company—especially on the Lord's day!

Pious Wife.—A pious wife is a crown of glory to her husband.—If distinguished by nothing else, the possession of such a treasure shall make him known and respected. She makes his home a perpetual sunshine, and wins him from workliness and vanity and vice, to hope, and happiness, and heaven. A virtuous woman is in this life a crown to her husband, and is not unfrequently, too, the occasion of procuring for him that immortal crown which shall be worn in heaven long after the pall of oblivion shall have been drawn over the perishing honors of time.

Mrs. Hemans.—A monument to perpetuate the memory of this gifted lady has been executed in England—and will soon be conveyed to Dublin, and placed over the remains of the departed poetess. It is a small Grecian monumental tablet in statuary on the back ground—and is inscribed:

FELICIA HEMANS.

Died May 16, 1835, aged 41.

To which are added the following lines from her own solemn effusion, known as the *dirge*.

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

A way to get Subscribers.—The editor of the Cincinnati Journal and Luminary has declared his intention to improve the character of his paper, and treble the number of subscribers; and to accomplish the last object, he calls on the ladies for their aid. A good idea.

A poor man once went to a pious minister, and said, "Mr. Carter, what will become of me? I work hard, and fare hard, and yet I cannot thrive." Mr. Carter answered, "Still you want one thing. I will tell you what you shall do; work hard, and fare hard, and pray hard, and I will warrant you shall thrive."

A persecuted Christian.—"What great matter," said a heathen tyrant to a Christian, while he was beating him almost to death, "What great matter did Christ ever do for you?" "Even this answered the Christian, "that I can forgive you though you use me so cruelly."

Every intemperate man in the world was at one period of his life a moderate drinker.

Every sermon a minister writes should be written to his own heart; depend upon it, such only reach the hearts of others. If you would thaw the frost, you should pour upon it warm, and not cold water; and if a minister would dissolve the frost of the human heart he must pour out upon his hearers glowing ideas, in words that burn. If he feels the value of what he utters, himself, there hearts will feel it likewise.

THREE GREAT PHYSICIANS.

The bedside of the celebrated Dumoulin, a few hours before he breathed his last, was surrounded by the most eminent physicians of Paris, who affected to think that his death would be an irreparable loss to the profession. "Gentlemen," said Dumoulin, "you are in error; I shall leave behind me three distinguished physicians." Being pressed to name them, as each expected to be included in the trio, he answered, *Water, Exercise and Diet.*

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

The Rev. Elisha C. Jones, of New London, has received an unanimous call from the Congregational Church and Society in Southington, to become their pastor.

The Rev. E. N. KIRK, of Albany, expects to sail for England, as delegate from the Union to the Temperance Anniversaries, the 1st of April. May the blessing of Heaven attend and prosper him. We hope to lay before our readers, many interesting communications from him. — *Temperance Journal.*

WASHINGTON COLLEGE.—We understand that the Rev. Horatio Potter of Albany, has declined the appointment of President of Washington College, at Hartford.

FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL.—By a reference to our legislative proceedings it will be seen that the bill granting trial by jury to fugitives from labor, was lost in Senate on Monday last. The vote stood—Yeas 10, nays 20.

Harrisburgh Chron.

Dr. Channing's political works—on war, slavery &c., have been re-published in England in one volume

Rev. T. P. HUNT, has been lecturing on Temperance in the city of Philadelphia. About 1000 persons signed, the total abstinence pledge during his visit.

Rev. S. Aiken, of Amherst, has accepted a call to Park-st. Church, Boston.

A CARD.—The Subscriber would gratefully acknowledge the kindness of his people in having supplied him with fuel from time to time, during the winter past, in quantity sufficient for the year. Particularly would he notice the kind feeling and liberality of the young people, and some of the elder portion of his church and congregation, who, in their recent respective visits at his residence, presented him—the former sixty-five, the latter, fifty-five dollars; besides some small articles, that will be useful in his family. Such conduct, as exhibiting their affection and esteem, is highly gratifying to their pastor,—and in its influence upon his temporal affairs, it is peculiarly acceptable, in the days of pecuniary panic and peril. They have thus strengthened his attachment

to them. He hopes by earnest and faithful labors for their spiritual welfare, to commend himself to them, as their servant in the Lord.

EDWIN R. GILBERT.

Wallingford, March 13th, 1827.

Second insertion as the former was incorrect.

MARRIED.

At East Hartford, by Rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. Solomon Fox Miss Mary Ann Hills.

In New London, John Fulton, Esq., to Miss Mary Powers. Mr. Charles Jeffrey to Miss Lydia A. Harrington.

In Franklin, on the 19th ult., Mr. Calvin Burton, of Griswold, to Miss Mildred E. Hyde. On the 5th ult., Mr. Samuel O. Hatch, of Lebanon, to Miss Eunice Armstrong of Franklin.

DIED.

In this city, on the 20th ult., Harriet, daughter of Mr. Elias Dewey, aged 7 years.

In this city, on the 23d ult., Mr. Willis F. Colt, aged 36.

In this city, on 27th ult. Mr. Alexander L. Munson, aged 29.

In Hartford, on the 7th ult. Melissa Johnson, of Bozrah, aged 21, deaf and dumb.

In Hartford, on the 21st inst. Mr. Joseph D. Withenbey, aged 33.

At Avon, on the 18th ult. Mrs. Lua Woodruff, aged 20 years, daughter of Mr. Titus Woodruff.

At Wethersfield, (Newington Society,) on the 21st ult., Mr. James Gladding, aged 56.

At Enfield, Mr. Benjamin Pease, aged 61.

At Middletown, Mr. Samuel Lucas, aged 66; Mr. John H. Crowell, aged 31.

At Durham, on the 17th ult. Mr. John Loveland, aged 72. He came to his death in the following sudden manner. He went to the academy on that morning to build a fire, as usual; and it is supposed that in getting wood, at the head of the stairs, he stood on a bench, which not being securely placed, he fell to the bottom of the stairs. As he did not return to breakfast in season, his granddaughter, who kept house for him, went to see what was the reason. She found him at the foot of the stairs, lifeless, and a great quantity of blood around him, which had flowed from two large wounds in his head. She immediately went for assistance to the house of a relative near by. It is presumed that his fall deprived him of life instantly. It is a little remarkable that his wife, who died on the 7th Feb. at the advanced age of 70, should have died very suddenly. She retired to bed in usual health, and was found dead by her husband when he awoke in the morning. There has been no intervening death in the place between this aged and respectable couple.

At Wolcott, on the 11th ult., Mr. Stephen Carter, aged 88, a soldier of the Revolution.

In Wallingford, on the 27th ult., Mr. Levi Hull, aged about 58. On the 25th, Jane, aged 3 years, daughter of John D. Reynolds, Esq.

In New London, Mr. Richard W. Parkin, aged 49. Miss Matilda Wright, 59.

At Killingworth, on the 14th inst. Sabra Jennette, daughter of Mr. Rufus Cram, aged 2 years.

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